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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LII. CHICAGO, JANUARY 21, 1904 NUMBER 21

THE CLIMB OF LIFE.

There's a feel of all things flowing,
And no power of earth can bind them;
There's a sense of all things growing,
And through all their forms aglowing
Of the shaping souls behind them.

And the break of beauty heightens
With the swiftening of the motion,
And the soul behind it lightens,
As a gleam of splendor whitens
From a running wave of ocean.

See the still hand of the Shaper,
Moving in the dusk of being:
Burns at first a misty taper,
Like the moon in veil of vapor,
When the rack of night is fleeing.

In the stone a dream is sleeping,
Just a tinge of life, a tremor:
In the tree a soul is creeping—
Last, a rush of angels sweeping
With the skies beyond the dreamer.

So the Lord of Life is flinging
Out a splendor that conceals Him:
And the God is softly singing
And on secret ways is winging,
Till the rush of song reveals Him.

—*Edwin Markham.*

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UNITY

VOLUME LII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1904. NUMBER 21

It is gratifying to know that the great "Nobel Prizes" of last year, six in number, of forty thousand dollars each, were awarded—one to a Frenchman, one to the joint labors of M. and Mme. Currié, the Madame at least being a Pole, one to a Dane and two to Norwegians. It is suggestive to find a woman's name in the list and to know that the stalwart republican, poet and novelist, Bjornsen, of Christiania, has taken the literature prize, which implies that, according to the judgment of the committee, he worked most mightly for peace with his pen during the year.

While trains are crowded with the wan victims of the great "white plague," hastening to the balmy regions of California or of the sunny south, hoping thereby to stay the ravages of the grim disease, it is startling to learn of others who are fighting consumption with the cold. Delicate women already "doomed" are sleeping on their back porches in northern climates, regardless of snow or descending thermometer, and restoration and health are the promised reward. Is the tide of consumptives to change from southern California to Alaska? Anything for health and life. The inventiveness of science and the courage of the physician may well be studied by the moral physician, the healer of spiritual diseases. One lesson at least is obvious—do something, and keep doing.

"Mosquito Engineering:" This is the new phrase created by the conference of scientists held in New York on December 14, the object of which was to wage serious, hopeful war against the mosquito world, not simply because these little singers are the pests of summer resorts and the annoyance of city boarders in country places, but because science is persuaded that from such small beginnings come the great curses of malaria, yellow fever, and perhaps other of the climatic scourges. This discovery of the cause of great evils in apparently insignificant sources has in it great ethical significance. The very suggestion is parable, precept and commission to the parent, the teacher and the preacher. Discover some microbe-killing fumes or some other means to keep off the small pests, and the spirit as well as the body will rejoice in health and escape larger ills further along.

A town in Iowa boasts of a schoolmaster who is a German baron with seven names and all the necessary equipments of fortune and family to know the full joys of his baronhood if he would only stay at home in the Fatherland. But, young, handsome and educated, he prefers to be of some use in the world. He likes America and believes enough in himself to think he can count one without the trappings. Is all this so very strange? Is this Iowa schoolmaster doing something so unnatural? Or is it strange that so few of the encumbered feel their fetters and that a nobility within should so seldom match the nobility without? It is good that here and there is found a man who is content in his simple manner, and after a while there will be more of them. Meanwhile whom is the American boy and girl patterning after? What are the influences brought to bear upon their lives, such as will lead them to emulate the real nobility of the American nobleman or to aspire after the conventional "nobility" of an effete aristocracy?

Mr. Chesterton, whose recent life of Robert Browning has been read with so much delight even by those who felt that their Browning shelves were already overloaded, has recently published a study of Bret Harte that is as full of epigram and paradox as the Browning book. He has much to say in praise of Bret Harte,—this, for instance: "He was a genuine American, a genuine humorist, but he was not an American humorist, because American humor misses the supreme elements of reverence and sympathy." This is a point in criticism both subtle and true, but the application seems too sweeping. That there is much in American life, and consequently in its literature, that is wanting in reverence and sympathy is too manifest, but that all of American life or American humor is wanting in this direction is a statement that needs challenging. Washington Irving was an American, and he makes us both laugh and cry. Oliver Wendell Holmes is surely one of the American humorists, but he wrote with a sober purpose, and his pen was ever dipped in reverence and sympathy. Hosea Bigelow is not only the central character in American humor, but in his day and way he was a mighty preacher of righteousness, justice and pity. Harriet Beecher Stowe had an inimitable and exhaustless fund of humor in her, and she wrung the hearts of the civilized world until they bled. And what of James Whitcomb Riley and our latest and perhaps greatest humorist since Lowell, "Mr. Dooley"? He who misses the pathos in the philosopher of "Archey Road"—well, there is something the matter with him.

The *Church Economist*, through statistics satisfactory to itself, finds that one-fourth of the entire Protestant population of New York is in the habit of attending church service. We fear that this statement is seriously misleading, for it is possible to come into the roll as a church attendant for "statistical purposes" while the church is still a very incidental and external element in the life of the man or woman. The real question is, "How many men hold sacredly a previous engagement with their souls regularly at a house of worship every Sunday morning? How many of them

take its privileges seriously, or consider its ministrations, obligations and needs as a regular demand upon their lives? How many regard the church not as a social decoration, a mark of respectability, or one of the necessities incident to the weakness of their wives and children, which hence must be supported? How many men are there in New York who, while anxious to be enrolled as church attendants, study the sky every Sunday morning to see whether it is going to be a good day for golfing, for a ride in the automobile, or a picnic party in park or country? If the prospect seems unfavorable in any of these directions, then the disagreeable task of determining what church he had better go to must be faced. The Sunday announcements are carefully studied, subjects noted, musical programs weighed, and when the decision is made the chances are that this kind of a church-goer goes to his Sunday dinner with a regret that he did not go to hear "that other fellow" or "that other soprano." There is no question of more practical import before the men and women of America than the question as to whether the church is to be taken seriously. If the churches are sleepy and preachers are reactionary or timid, what element of responsibility lies with the laity? If the church is not to your liking, have you any responsibility in the matter?

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., may be a "very nice young man" and he may exert a "sweet, pious influence" over his Sunday-school class, but is there no self-respect left among American newspapers, and have the "Associated Press Dispatches" no better sense of values than to flourish the silly platitudes promulgated by this conventionalized pietist all over the country every Monday morning? "Sweat may be honorable," and it may be "well for the man down to begin at the foot of the ladder" and "not be ashamed to toil with his hands," but it is adding insult to injury to have these commonplaces thrown at a man whose hands have grown horny with toil or a man who with his brain has served his day and generation, by the pampered "Bobby-kin" of the greatest captain of intrigue and commercial trickery the industrial world has ever known. Poor little John is not responsible for his parentage; he came into the world with spiritual nature sadly handicapped. By training, if not by inheritance, he must have a distorted conscience and a visionless soul. He may be doing the best he can; we believe he is sincere according to his light; but has he not a sister, a mother, a friend or pastor who will be kind enough to tell him to stop making a public spectacle of himself? Where is the great Baptist denomination, or where are the universities and schools that have rejoiced in the triumphs of the kerosene king? Have they not "influence" enough left to persuade the "Associated Press," or whatever news-mongers are responsible, to save us from the debilitating drivel that is sent all over our country every Monday morning, which so lowers the respect of the young men and women of America for sacred things, and helps to bring the thought of Sunday-school, Sunday, Bible and religion to reproach? Nothing so militates against spiritual truths and religious virility as an uninspiring presentation of inspiring realities. No billions will make commonplace inanities other than inane.

When the beautiful monument to the Confederate dead who fell under the uninspiring hand of disease within the ignoble lines of Camp Douglas, a northern military prison, was dedicated a few years ago in a Chicago cemetery, there was a notable visitation of southern celebrities. It was Decoration Day. The representatives of the Grand Army of the Republic were the gracious hosts, and most notable representatives of the Confederate veterans, with their wives and daughters, were, for that occasion at least, gracious and welcome guests. There were receptions, banquets, processions and music, all in the interest of harmony, in the joy of peace. The most distinguished Confederate at the reception was General Longstreet, even then well along in the '80's, still straight, alert, stately and gracious, but very deaf. At the reception given the visitors at the Palmer House, General Longstreet was the most eminent attraction. In consideration of his old age he was allowed to receive sitting in a chair that had the architectural dignity of a throne. The introductions and the responses had to travel through a long, flexible speaking trumpet, which, on an occasion less significant and with a personality less stately would have rendered the ceremony ludicrous, but there was nothing of that under existing circumstances. When it came the turn of the present writer to be presented, something had to be shouted promptly and then he must pass on. The memories of the war, when as a private soldier he was a part of the maneuvering armies in front of Longstreet's guns, were stirring within him, and the Union private of the '60's shouted to the Confederate General of the same time, "General, I dodged many of your bullets." Quick as a flash, with a twinkle in the eye of the old veteran, came the reply, "I was not aiming at you, sir!" At last the valiant General has surrendered to the final conqueror. General Longstreet and Gen. J. B. Gordon have passed on within one week: the last of the survivors of the great commanders in either army. General Longstreet's post-bellum career was as notable as his war record, although by it he won the distrust of many of his comrades and was driven into social obscurity. His heart as well as his head accepted the terms at Appomattox. He was brave enough to reconstruct himself in order to more effectually reconstruct his distracted constituency. He accepted the situation and worked with and for the authorities in power. The same to a large extent may be said of General Gordon. Few men who have distinguished themselves on the field of battle have been so successful in the arena of ideas. Whether on the floors of congress, on the lyceum platform, or with Chautauqua and other religious assemblages, General Gordon's voice was heard with great delight. His word was manly; his interpretations of the war were such as to satisfy his comrades, and still so benign and progressive that he became recognized as a loyal patriot under the old flag after its new dedication

and consecration. We trust that the boasted "New South" will not be without worthy successors of Longstreet and Gordon, progressive representatives of the Old South.

After the Fire.

As might have been feared, there are already painful indications that the terrible lesson will be too soon forgotten. Already the one and only cry that obtained in the early days and the only cry that ought ever to obtain, that of safety, severest safety, absolute conformity to the requirements of science and experience, is being confused by the clamor that is growing louder and louder every day, "Business is suffering," "The hotels are feeling it," "Theater managers will be ruined, and the theatrical profession is already in distress." Hence the disposition to open the theaters before they are ready; to suspend the rules for the time being, or to vote the most sensible and imperative of conditions not retroactive.

It is the old pressure, the old blight, the old conflict becoming more aggressive between dollars and lives; the interest of capital and the interest of community; the safety of investments and the safety of women and children.

It is money *vs.* men and women, and in the final solution the chances are that the considerations of money will again dominate the considerations of human life.

For all the "investigating," examinations and cross-examinations, some of the most persistent facts have not yet reached publicity and notoriety. One of the most effective cartoons brought out by the disaster was that from the pencil of McCutcheon, and represented a classic doorway over which appeared the assuring word "EXIT," but the iron door was closed and padlocked. The grim pathos in this picture was tremendous because it revealed the direct cause of so many agonized deaths. And why were these exits locked? Not for safety; not even for economy in the running expenses, but chiefly and almost wholly to avoid the danger of spectators who by favoritism or otherwise might find their way in without tickets. We are credibly informed that it is the standing custom of one of the most reputable of Chicago's gathering places for the head janitor to carry in his own pocket the only key that would unlock all the emergency exits of the building, in order to be doubly sure of gate fees.

In view of all this financial anxiety which distorts art, which invents absurdities and extravagances to take the place of the true attractions of the drama, and in view of the costliness of every suggestion looking towards safety, does it not point to the time when the speculative element must be eliminated from the theater, when private individuals cannot be expected or even allowed to meet this legitimate want of civilization at their own risk and at their own expense? The great auditoriums must have increasingly a municipal quality about them. This demand for safer play-houses and better plays may, not very far down in the future, make common cause with the demand for better school buildings that shall be social centers as well as school rooms, and connected with which there may be adequate assembly rooms with abundant space all around. Do not sneer at these suggestions as being impractical and whimsical. The present developed public school building itself was as rash a suggestion and as palpable an absurdity less than a hundred years ago.

If we are to have better plays and safer play-houses, we must have less of speculation and more of social coöperation; we must trust less to the greed of the individual and more to the public spirit of the community. Meanwhile it is suggestive to discover that the ministers, many of whom were prompt to locate the blame and to chastise delinquent functionaries, are now found to have been law-breakers themselves all these years. Most of the churches in Chicago have been found defective in one way or another, and many of them are under the ban of the law just now and were allowed to open their doors last Sunday only by sufferance or after prompt compliance. Did we not say that we were all criminals together, and that the horrible penalty came as a punishment for communal lawlessness, for corporate defiance to the laws of the state and the laws of God?

After the fire, what next? Wait and see!

Lessons from History.*

"How England Averted a Revolution of Force," by Mr. B. O. Flower, of the *Arena,* is one of the most timely, instructive and morally helpful books of the old year. It is an able and very suggestive review of the Chartist and the Anti-Corn-Law struggles in England just before and during the early years of Queen Victoria.

From the psychological viewpoint history is far more than the dry detail of facts, names and dates. These have their places and values; but psychologically, they are but the objectionized expressions of the subjective life; or the thinking and feeling of the time coming forth in action. History is the evolution of the self, and the many selves in the institutionalized contents and forms of the social order.

In this world-process there are the active or constructive and the negative or destructive forces. The one and only end and justification of an institutionalized order is to make possible by association the larger liberty and life of the individual. Hence, every form of despotism or social oppression that lessens the just rights of the people is in so far negative; it negates the very ground for which the social order is created and upon which it must rest. Against this arises—must arise if humanity is to fulfil its destiny, the protest of the positive or creative forces. It may, as a means to a higher end, itself become destructive, and in so far negative, as in the American and the French Revolutions; or, as in the reforms in England, it may be peaceful through the appeals of the people to reason and justice.

It is from this larger vision that our author tells the story of the struggles of the English people for liberty and social justice through the long and trying years of the Chartists and the Anti-Corn-Law contests. The

*Albert Brandt, Publisher, Trenton, New Jersey.

mental and moral forces are seen moving in the foreground; the soul-side is ever present, around which gather and take shaping the external events, and these again of negative, react upon and intensify the public sense of wrongs endured and rights denied. The larger world-life outside of England plays into the troubled scene; the victory and rising up of the new Republic across the ocean, and the downfall of the French monarchy across the Channel with all the attendant horrors of that mad revolt against oppression have caused every throne in Europe to tremble, and royalty and Toryism fear the effect upon the English. To all this is added the distress and cry of the poor, hundreds of thousands suffering from hunger because of the landed monopolies and the tax on bread.

The Chartists asked for universal suffrage, without property qualifications, and for vote by ballot; the Anti-Corn-Law-League demanded the one thing of the repeal of the hated tax on bread. To both these parties the Tories and the monopolists were bitterly opposed; but they feared the people.

The Soul Side now comes into view in the calm conflict and consecrated lines of Richard Cobden and John Bright going forth with their high appeals to reason and right, and with all the power and persuasion of their great oratory pleading for peaceful reform. The Tory and capitalistic press was generally closed against these evangels of liberty and right; but somehow money was given to flood the land with tracts and leaflets. And here our author, with clearer insight than most historians, accentuates the power on the soul side of the novelists and the poets in what he felicitously calls the "Conscience Literature" born out of the mind and heart tragedies of the poor. Charles Dickens telling the story of want and misery; Elizabeth Barrett touching the heart of the millions in "The Cry of the Children," and Dr. Mackay in "The Souls of Children Offered for Sale;" and making England blush that the only ones to bid for these souls were poverty, disease, crime, the prison and the gallows. And there was Thomas Hood with the "Song of the Shirt," and Gerald Massey who rose up from the depths of poverty and wrote "The Earth For All," "The Lords of Land and Money," and the "Cry of the Unemployed."

Mr. Flower has given all these and many others of this strange field of "Conscience Literature" in a lengthy appendix, which for convenience and economy of cost is worth more than the price of this book.

As a class the clergy are conservative; and more than they realize, are influenced by the subtle power of the aristocracy; but the Rev. Charles Kingsley stood out fearlessly for the cause of the people, publicly declaring himself to be "a clergyman and a Chartist," and one is filled with a sense of the morally sublime in the faith and unselfish devotion of Cobden and Bright in the long and hard battle of reason and right against enthroned privilege and plutocracy. The victory was at last won; Sir Robert Peel confessed that the arguments of Cobden were "unanswerable;" and at the cost of party ties and friendships dear this noble soul stood at last for the cause of social justice.

Such, suggestively, is the story of these great and pivotal years in the life of England as seen from the soul side and so vividly told by the very able and far-seeing author. And in all this Mr. Flower has written under the seriousness and inspiration of a profound purpose. This most opportune book has a deep meaning in the parallel between that period in the history of England and the perilous negative decadence of our own country. For the first time in the history of our world, our fathers of the Revolution struck the star note of liberty in the Declaration of Independence. They asked no concessions from royalty; they demanded the rights of man, and upon this high ground of liberty and justice appealed to the courts of earth and heaven. But now we are far on the downward way from our once noble Democracy of the free to a grasping Imperialism. Instead of the glad fraternity of equality, we are coming to the class distinctions of the rich and the poor; and in many things we are under the almost monocratic power of monopoly. The reaction of the positive forces will come—must come if this is to be the land of the free. Shall it be by evolution, or revolution?

This lesson from English history should be a powerful appeal to the patriotism of America; it should inspire a great faith in the power of reason and right,—faith in the people to fight the peaceful battles of liberty and justice. It is a call for seriousness, for unselfish consecration to the common good.

H. W. THOMAS.

De Funiak Springs, Jan. 1, 1904.

A Man As Man.

Man is man when he is true
  To the hope of things divine,
When he feels in skies of blue—
  Sun of glory through him shine;
When his heart is like the sea,
  In its mighty moving sweep;
When his mind like bird is free—
  Flying far in heaven so deep!

Man is man in being Man,
  Trusting manhood is of God,
Seeing here in hope began
  This fair flower of the sod;
Christ is but the flower supreme
  Of the beauty we may know;
Take the hope and dream the dream,
  Till your deeds his spirit show!

Thousand years have come and gone,
  Thousand generations passed,
Man as man yet marching on,
  While the circling ages last;
In himself he has the power
  To fulfil aspiring plan;
Rouse thee, brother, now's thine hour—
  Do thy best to be a man!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Senator George F. Hoar, in writing of the biography of Laura Bridgman, Dr. Samuel G. Howe's famous deaf, dumb and blind pupil, says of Dr. Howe: "He was one of the great heroic characters of his time and of all time." The story of Laura Bridgman, which was the work of two of Dr. Howe's daughters, Maud Howe and Florence Howe Hall, was said to be "one of the notable biographies of 1903."

A morality play gives its title to the new volume by Mr. W. B. Yeats which The Macmillan Company will publish next week, "The Hour Glass and Other Poems." From being one of the least known of the young Irish writers, Mr. Yeats has become the best known, all within about eight months.

THE PULPIT.

Causes of the Modern Transformation of Religious Thought.

V.

The Doctrine of Evolution.

Given at Unity Church, Omaha, January 10, by Rev. Newton Mann.

The one philosophical theory which has struck most directly at the root of the traditional theology is that of Evolution. As a speculative hypothesis it has been set forth in one form and another from ancient times; in Christendom always stigmatized as atheism, and in times of persecution punishable as damnable heresy. Among the first to find from observation evidences to support such a theory and make it something more than an hypothesis, was the great Descartes; but he lived in the 17th century, and wrote in the time of Galileo, when it was all one's life was worth to breathe such a thought, and he was not a man to expose himself to martyrdom. So he covered his exposition of the dangerous doctrine by a pretended declaration of his belief that Adam and Eve and the progenitors of all other species of living things that now exist, together with the earth and the heavens, were made out of hand in one memorable week, as the Church had always taught. Having said this much to satisfy the priests, he cautiously outlined his conception of how the world *might* have been brought to its present shape, together with all that exists, by a process of evolution out of primitively diffuse and relatively formless matter. There can be no doubt of what was his real belief. His contemporary, Spinoza, who knew well what it was to suffer for the truth, but who never could be turned from the utterance of his honest convictions, had the same fore-gleams of the coming revelation, which he unhesitatingly declared.

But the new truth was not to be fully evolved out of the consciousness of even the greatest genius; nor compassed by the knowledge of the 17th century; it needed the confirmation of biological science, and it took Biology yet a hundred and fifty years to get sufficiently on its feet to consummate the task. In fact the word "biology" was not invented till the beginning of the 19th century, when two Frenchmen, Lamarck and Treviranus, separately and independently hit upon it and brought it into use. At the same time they each propounded for the first the main thesis of the doctrine of evolution. Even then, so subversive the doctrine was of preconceived opinions, so radical and far-reaching, that to men of science it seemed visionary, as to churchmen it was ungodly. For a half-century again it slept, only revived now and then by the voice of some lone champion whose ineffective word but served to mark the stages of a dream. All at once toward the end of the fifties the great awakening came. In 1857 appeared Herbert Spencer's *Progress: its Laws and Cause,* in which he gave a philosophical statement of evolution and made it the basis of his thought. In 1859 Darwin published *The Origin of Species,* the first great book of biological evidences for a theory which in one form and another had been floating in the brains of philosophers from time immemorial. It was the most effective book of science ever published. Issued in no haste, the careful, conscientious results of years of observation and study made in many lands and on many seas, it was such a mass of testimony as no rational mind could resist. No doubt was left that in the vegetal and the animal world new species arise through the gradual modification of existing species, according to laws some of which we can trace. Other works followed from the same indefatigable hand, the result of kindred investigations, till, in *The Descent of Man,* we have the highest terrestrial creature linked with other life in orderly succession from the simplest thing that lives. Other keen observers joined in the work,—Haeckel in Germany, Wallace, Huxley, in England, Marsh in America,—and, speedily, concurring evidence from every field of inquiry piled up in overwhelming measure. On this secure basis arose a new philosophy, synthetic, cosmic, worked out into a vast generalization, covering the whole process from the formation of worlds out of the primordial nebula down through the measureless geological cycles, the simple ever giving place to the complex, life proceeding, when it has arrived, from humblest forms up through the long spiral of existence to organisms marvelous in construction in which life sublimes into self-consciousness, becomes a living soul. It made Evolution the method by which all things in the heavens and on the earth have come to be what they are, and pass to what they shall be. "The stars that blossom in the fields of night" have their season of growth, of glory and of decay, as have the flowers in our gardens; and man, who gazes on those far-shining orbs, computes their distance, weighs and measures them,—he, too, has grown from something that was not man. This creature, intelligent, social, sympathetic, has been evolved from creatures which were nothing of the kind. Of the later part of this process history and archeology are the record, and clearly indicate a passage by irregular and intermittent steps from stage to stage, from a predatory into a rude social state, and so by degrees in the course of ages to civilization and refinement. All this Spencer expounds in his system of philosophy, which for clearness of statement, profundity and breadth of view, must, I think, be ranked among the greatest of the works of men. Fechner and Mill, whose thinking had run along other lines, with an open-mindedness and a frankness most creditable to them, gave in their adhesion to the new thought, and with notable rapidity it came into acceptance with the best minds on both continents. With his love of things definite and comprehensible, Spencer made application of the theory of development mainly in the realms of biology and sociology, where he escaped metaphysical speculation and came down to the solid ground of fact. From these sure bases the new thought pushed itself everywhere, and shortly the sciences one and all were found to be charged with it, paleontology especially yielding the most confirmatory illustrations of evolution in actual course of progress. For example, Marsh found in Wyoming and elsewhere fossil remains showing in a regular series, spaced by long ages, the ancestry of the modern horse, beginning with an insignificant creature called the Eohippus, about the size of a rabbit, with parting toes, on the point of one of which on each foot the animal supported itself. This first horse, first so far as traced, is found in deposits of what is known to geologists as Eocene Tertiary. In a later division of the Eocene it become the Orohippus, about as large as a fox. In the Miocene the animal is further modified, and has become as large as a sheep. Growth and modification of the skeleton, especially the bones of the feet, continue through the Pliocene, the Quaternary and the Recent periods, eventuating in the horse as we know it. An evolution as striking may be traced through fossil forms of many other orders of life.

The nebular hypothesis of the formation of suns and worlds is one of the early evolutionary conceptions, having been first thought out by the immortal Kant. His *General History and Theory of the Heavens,* in which he developed that now accepted hypoth-

esis, was published anonymously in 1755. So little interest was excited by this announcement of the most prodigious conception in physical things that ever had entered the mind of man that the fact of Kant's authorship of it has been largely overlooked, the credit going to La Place, who forty years later brought his immensely greater mathematical knowledge to bear on the subject. But even as set forth by La Place it rested mostly inert till in 1862, Herbert Spencer incorporated it into his system of evolutionary philosophy, of which, indeed, it is the most magnificent illustration. By this hypothesis and its implications the development of the universe involves all space and all time, infinite extension and infinite duration, a beginningless, endless process, in its entirety utterly beyond comprehension. What we can survey in space is but a sample, a fragment—what we can in a manner trace in time, even in geological or astronomical ages, is but a moment, of that illimitable thing and process which we call creataion.

The theory of evolution, of course, controverts the cosmological theory presupposed in the Bible, and substantially adhered to in the church and out of it down to modern times. Descartes dared to set it forth only as an hypothesis, protecting himself by hypocritically disavowing belief in it. When the rise of rationalism stayed the fury of persecution, and men could speak their honest thought without fear of the stake, the teachers of evolution were still generally considered presumptuous heretics audaciously seeking to drive God out of his universe. Finding out in some little measure how things are made was supposed to eliminate the Maker! It was dangerous, therefore, to pursue these studies. The Church set herself tooth and nail against the new learning; science was a suspect, and got into the schools only under restrictions. Thus the doctrine of evolution was kept from currency for two hundred years after Descartes in a manner promulgated it. It was in the eyes of theologians Lucifer come back again intent on his old scheme of dethroning the Almighty; and Christians were called on in no uncertain way to put down the diabolical pretender.

Now it is true enough that the new conception of world-making and world-processes is fatal to that idea of God which men of old fashioned in the image of themselves, the idea of a great Being existing apart, working on the world externally in the manner of a carpenter on a house. But all minds touched in the least with philosophic thought were ready enough long since to dispense with that puerile notion; and when it began to be seen that finding out the mode of creation is not a complete solution of the mystery; that behind the process is an inscrutable Power by which it proceeds; that the occasion for awe and reverence, the call to worship, were by no means weakened, religious people ventured to read the new philosophy; and, with minds not utterly impervious to the light, to read was to accept. How recent was the beginning of this movement of thought in the churches may be inferred from the fact that I was myself, as far as I know, the first minister in this country, and so probably in the world, to avow belief in the doctrine of evolution; and I am not so very old now, nor was I by any means a "kid" then. This distinction become rather creditable, my friend, Dr. Savage, of New York, some years since disputed as against every other minister, with the "possible" exception of myself. Were the point who first "got there" more important to clear up, I might adduce, as what a lawyer would call and mark "Exhibit A" in the case, my son, Mr. Herbert Spencer Mann, of this city, born *and named* in May, 1867. However, this is a matter of no public interest; the only point of consequence in this connection is that the change of sentiment in the church on this question has come about within forty years, most of it in the last twenty. At present I suppose hardly any scientifically-educated minister remains unconverted. Only a few, however, and they mostly in the Liberal ranks, take to the new doctrine with any enthusiasm, or make it at all prominent in their preaching. The reason is obvious. Any consistent application of the principles of evolution involves a complete remodeling of the creed, the reading of a good part of the old scriptures into myth, the rejection of the notion of an originally perfect man dwelling in Paradise, of his fall,—a rejection that spoils those sounding lines of Milton's:

> Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
> Sighing through all her works gave signs of woe
> That all was lost.

The ruin of those lines, or the reduction of them to mere mythology, is the one sacrifice on the altar of evolution which really cost me a pang; for they had filled me with indescribable awe when recited by the Baptist pastor of my boyhood at the conclusion of his regularly recurring and very vivid word-picture of the Fall of Man. Another tremendous difficulty in the way of a hearty espousal of evolution by preachers of the old school is its implication of the undeviating reign of law, and the consequent exclusion from credence of the miracles of both Testaments. The miracle-stories are so numerous that it is impossible to reject them without undermining the claim for any sort of infallibility for the Bible,—and there goes another fundamental doctrine of the old orthodoxy. And it cannot be doubted that the complete overthrow the new thought gives to the idea of God as "a magnified and non-natural man" sitting apart on a throne in the skies, has been with the great mass a strong deterrent. With that idea the popular theology is so intimately bound up that to reject it seems to the many little short of atheism. On the whole, therefore, we cannot wonder at the unreadiness of the church to enter upon this discussion, or at the slow progress the theory of evolution has made there, while bearing down all opposition in the scentific world.

Very likely with a considerable class of those who have come to believe in evolution the result has been a weakening of religious faith. The truer conception of God is of necessity the less distinct, and so the grasp upon it is apt to be less firm. For that reason the Mohammedan is a more tenacious believer than the Christian; and the most confident among Christians are generally the ones whose notions are the crudest. A blind, unreasoning faith is sure to be weakened by any awakening of intelligence, any increase of knowledge; and the implications of evolution are so decidedly subversive of the vulgar assumptions about God, make such sweeping havoc with them, that for the religion of the uncultured a little learning at this point may well be a dangerous thing. The only safety in coming to this spring lies in drinking deep,—

> For shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
> And drinking largely sobers us again.

We must get far enough to see that evolution is but a process—not a force, not a creator, no substitute for God. Back of the process to account for what goes on must be assumed a Power, an Infinite Power; and evolution is to be thought of as but the mode of that Power's procedure. Of this Power the moving universe is the manifestation. So far all evolutionists are agreed. As to what may be known of this Power in itself, they differ. For those who say with Spencer that the Infinite is wholly beyond the bounds of our knowledge, the basis of worship is a sense of the mystery and marvel of which for every finite intelligence

the universe is full; the Good, the True, the Beautiful disclosed in the world of things, and especially in the human world. But more are inclined to follow Fechner here, to consider infinite and finite but different phases of the same thing, the finite embraced, embosomed in the infinite, so that every minutest point is a dwelling-place of God, and every consciousness a possible theater of communication with him. We are permitted to think of the world as shot through with the infinite Life or Spirit, of which we ourselves are conscious partakers, our souls the points of possible union with the Soul of all things; religion being nothing other than the sensible oneness of the God-consciousness with the human consciousness. This is the attitude of Pfleiderer, the great religio-philosophical evolutionist of Germany, and of Wundt, friend of Fechner, and the first of living psychologists.

In coming to a perception of world-processes what has really happened is, we have been "raised up to think the thoughts of God." Surely this is nothing calculated to lessen our religiousness. On the contrary, if we know what we are about, it must deepen and strengthen our religiousness. For we have taken up an awe-inspiring conception in place of one that was really childish, involved in the magic so dear to the ancient heart,—creation of worlds outright by word of command, plants and animals full-grown—man made out of hand "from the dust of the ground," perfect in every respect,—ideas out of an age when the part of a god was to do things in preternatural ways, when the gods were not supposed to have anything to do with the regular and orderly course of events. For this puerile fancy of Deity operating by miracle and magic we have substituted the sublime conception of world-processes natural and rational, taking place in accordance with inflexible laws—laws interpretable religiously as the will of God; the common, the orderly course of events has become the divine. For, the common, we have found, is full enough of marvel and of mystery; no occasion for a supernatural spectacle to evince the presence of Divinity. And a capital advantage of finding God in the natural world is that the proofs of his presence increase with our knowledge, while the very reverse is the case with the old method; preternatural proofs, —reports of voices from the skies, descent of angels, ascents into heaven, and such-like out-of-the-way incidents, coming from a far past, or recurring with ever-decreasing frequency as knowledge is diffused. The danger has long been imminent that belief in the existence of God would fade out of the earth if left to depend on the miraculous, the supernatural; so rapidly is testimony of that nature losing validity. But the beauty, the majesty and glory of the natural order grow ever more wonderful, ever more convincing of a present Power working in and through things and working in a way to command our reverence and adoration.

Mark the great step from the thought of an extraneous God working *on* things to the thought of an immanent God working *in* things. It brings the thoughtful to a vastly more assuring evidence of the real existence of Deity. Time was when the analogy urged by Paley, drawn from the watch and the watch-maker, seemed to hold; that as the watch implies a watch-maker who has fashioned it with his hands, so the world implies a God who has similarly constructed it. But reflection shows that the analogy breaks down right at the vital point: the natural and the artificial are rather contrasting than analogous. One travels over a mountain region of Colorado, sees innumerable rocks of all descriptions, forms and sizes, goes into the Garden of the Gods and surveys the wonderful erubescent monoliths standing there, or climbs a rocky height and picks up a pocketful of curious stones, some crystals, a garnet, a topaz, perhaps, and a chipped flint. What is it that so distinguishes the chipped flint from all the other bits of rock with which those mountains and plains are strewn? What but that it is the only one which gives any sign of having been wrought upon from the outside by an intelligent hand? The mark is slight—just a skilfully directed blow—but it is there, distinguishing that flint from all the countless fragments of various rock among which it is found—the one thing in the whole lot having the particular characteristic of the watch which implies the watch-maker. Thus the whole argument from design for the existence of a God working on things from the outside hopelessly fails. The evidence is of an immanent Power, unfolding from within its own majesty and beauty and beneficence.

And along with the myriad processes of the material world in which the Eternal Power and Providence discloses itself goes the crowning process of all, the evolution of the spiritual world, the development of thought, of sympathy, and of the sense of duty. "The greatest study of mankind is man," and of this study the greatest thing is that which is characteristic of man—the conscious soul. This it is which gives importance to psychology to history, to archeology. In the monumental records of the past now being unearthed nothing is of such priceless value as that which discloses to us the thoughts, the feelings, the moral consciousness of people who lived in populous cities longer ago than the Biblical date of the first man. What Maeterlinck in discoursing of the bee calls "the spirit of the hive" was there, exalted into a conscious devotion of the individual to the community, the foundation which Kant called "the categorical imperative," on which alone it has been possible to build up civilizations, the inward sense of Duty, "stern Daughter of the Voice of God." We find it in its feebleness, obscured by many a superstition, but it is there, and the growth and refinement of it through the ages is the essential thing that history has to tell us. With this growth has come a succession of religious conceptions, ideas of God and of his proper service, developed unconsciously out of the existing ethical bond, each in turn shifting to a supernatural basis as in the course of centuries it became encumbered with its growth of myth and legend. But through all changes and coming out now and then in gleams of unwonted brightness, stood the conscience voicing with some show of fidelity an unchanging obligation.

So there has been an evolution of moral ideas, an evolution of religion, practical, theoretical, ceremonial, and as this has gone on there has been and still is an involuntary modification of ideas and practices with many individuals who are carried along in the general movement. Another and an increasing class in our day are led into a voluntary and pronounced change of attitude by the discovery that there is such a thing as historical development in religion, that it has gone on straight down through the centuries and is still going on; for this overturns the pretense of any church to have the completed faith, given once for all, and liberates the mind for the reception of whatever light may yet break. It becomes with such souls a conscious duty to set their faces to the light and their feet forward, to see to it that in respect of the highest things tomorrow find them further than today. Especially potent as an object lesson is the evolution of religion in Israel, of which the Old Testament, when its books are taken up in the correct chronological order of their writing, is the luminous record. There we see the steady elevation of a people's faith through a period of a thousand years, from barbarian rudeness loathsome to contemporary Egyptians and Assyrians, up to what in most respects was the best the world had to show in the classic age of Greece. The Jews

themselves of the later period seem not to have been aware of this progress made upon their fathers, no prophet remarks upon it, it is the subject of no jubilant psalm; so little are they who are involved in a process likely to take note of it. We are all careering through space a thousand miles a minute without being sensible of motion. So, again, Christians, unless very discerning students of the subject, are apt to be unconscious that the Church, which came out of Judaism and took the name of Christ, has at all improved since apostolic times, and to be a little shocked by such an intimation. But the same evolutionary process which we mark so well in ancient Israel has gone on in the Christian world, and they even who deny the fact are in some degree the subjects of it. Most of the doctrines of modern churches, whether orthodox or heterodox, have not come from the original gospel; they have originated elsewhere, in other religions, in old philosophies, or in the new thought of later times. You will hardly run amiss of an illustration taking an article at random from any creed or ritual. The worship of Jesus, for instance, was no part of the original Christian cult, and, had Christianity been confined to Palestine and to the Jewish people, could not have been established. The Jewish mind never took this attitude toward its heroes, never could admit the notion of a man-god. But elsewhere in the Roman empire the case was different; the people had long been accustomed to deify their heroes. The dead emperor was fairly sure of apotheosis, and sometimes this elevation took place before his death. So, naturally enough, when Christianity was transplanted into this different environment and began to take root, Jesus, aas the head of the new spiritual kingdom, was, in true Roman fashion, made an object of worship. The use of images came from the same source. In like manner many an old ceremony was christened and adopted. When Paul and his associates undertook the publication of the gospel to the pagan world there is no evidence that they went with a fixed order of service for the churches they should found; on the contrary, there would seem not to have been as yet any fixed order. There is no specification in the New Testament how a public service should be carried on; the ritual, apparently, beyond the simplest elements, was yet to form. The leaders had a large liberty—had only to consider what was of immediate fitness and propriety. The minds of converts were, of course, full of pagan ideas, their hearts bound to pagan customs. Some of these ideas were good enough, and the preacher was often brought face to face with the question whether they were not virtually Christian ideas; some of these customs, too, were good enough, and the strongest of reasons existed for their continuance, and they were accordingly adopted into the Christian ritual and the Christian calendar. These increments may not be worth preserving now, but they had ample warrant when they were taken on, as belonging to the natural development of the new religion.

But when with the decline of the Roman empire civilization lapsed into barbarism, the Church found nothing outside of itself that could be adopted to any advantage, and for a thousand years dogma and ritual grew only by feeding upon themselves, upon Aristotle and a few other old authorities. Only in the latter part of this period Art and Achitecture lifted themselves above the dead level in which the intellect of Europe had sunk. With the Renaissance, and the Reformation which responded thereto, began the great modern movement in religious thought which I am tracing in these lectures. It comes as a part of that evolution of ideas which has changed the whole order of society, the whole face of the world, and no effort to screen the fact can be of any avail. Equally useless is it to assert that the Church teaches the same that it has always taught, and to deny that it ever taught the hideous doctrines which our grandparents heard and, shuddering, believed. Better is it to accept Evolution as of universal application and to say that the Church is moving on with the rest of the world, dropping old errors, finding new truth, passing from good to better, from better on to best.

Scribblers Assert Their Rights.

Among other measures prepared to present to the new Congress is one the passage of which would gladden the hearts and lighten the burdens of thousands of ambitious writers—a measure for the reduction of postage rates on manuscript. The justice of the cause, which for years has been urged by certain literary organizations, most notably the Society of American Authors, of New York City, is so obvious as to make one wonder why it has not before received legal recognition. Nor is the perplexity lessened by the explanation that to the United States, with all its prided public wealth and progressiveness, belongs the distinction of being the most ungenerous, in the above regard, of any civilized country on the globe. With us, manuscripts—the goods of the author, offered for sale, often at a distant and precarious market—rank as private communications, and must be paid for at two cents an ounce, while in foreign countries they are classed as commercial paper and go for one-fourth as much—one cent for two ounces.

To give a striking illustration of the point in question: A resident of San Francisco can send a manuscript to a remote Asiatic city at the lower rate, while if he wishes to send the same matter across the bay to Oakland, California, he must pay four times as much.

During a recent visit to Washington, Mr. G. Grosvenor Dawe, Secretary of the Society of American Authors, laid the case before an assembly of friends of the movement for lower rates, and plans were discussed for a forceful appeal to Congress in the form of a bill to be simultaneously introduced into the Senate and House and supplemented by such collateral action as the ingenuity of its champions might devise. Before the meeting broke up, a committee of three was appointed to wait on the Postmaster General and empowered to organize further committees to interview individual Congressmen. Some opposition from the postoffice department was feared on the ground that a reduction of postage rates would involve a reduction of the public revenue, but inasmuch as many of the more bulky manuscripts are now sent by express to avoid excessive mail charges, and many more which would be intrusted to Uncle Sam under the desired regime are not sent at all, such result would seem at most only conjectural, while the effect upon a host of brain and pen workers would be markedly beneficent.

To quote the verdict of Edmund Clarence Stedman, president of the American Copyright League:

"None can deny that the subject of an author's manuscript sent by mail, to full letter rates, is an anachronism and a grievance, and unjust discrimination against a guild that should, at least, be treated as fairly as those commercial interests of which the rewards are less certain."

Washington,, D. C. EMILY HORNE RANDALL.

The Leisure Class.

"Six days shalt thou labor." A distinguished professor of political economy has written a book to explain the "theory of the leisure class." The nub of the theory is their ability to live without labor and to make this fact as conspicuous as possible to their neighbors and mankind by showing their ability to do without labor and afford great waste of what labor

produces. This accounts, he says, for the grand houses, the showy equipages, the retinue of servants, the dazzling dress and jewelry and the eating and drinking that kills, and, he might have added, the endowments of colleges and libraries and the like. I am not sure how his thesis was received by the endowers of his particular college, but as college professors in these times regard the leisure class as their legitimate supporters, if not their legitimate game, and as they add glory to the leisure class, I suppose it is all taken in a Pickwickian sense. Whether the command to labor six days out of every seven came first to Moses out of the burning bush matters not. God speaks definitely about it through all of nature. The atom, the vegetable, the animal and the human being must all labor to live. The moment they are still, they die. It is only in the higher forms of development that labor may be vicarious. Animals are more or less predatory and man a good deal more so. It is one of the signs of degeneration and the main cause of it that men evade labor and in a manner live without it. Labor is a necessity, a duty, a privilege and a right, for every able-bodied human being. As man cannot live without the results of labor, it follows that whatever one consumes without labor others must be deprived of out of their labor to an equal extent. Thus we have it that labor is made drudgery for some, while others do none at all. It is a clear duty that each one should do his share according to his ability. When thus distributed there need be no drudgery. That labor is a privilege as well as a necessity and duty, is illustrated by the desire that prisoners have to get permission to labor instead of being confined, and that sedentary folk have to take outdoor exercise at golf or walking. That it conduces to health is known by everybody. As labor is a necessity, the right to labor follows. If we should say to all the people of our city or state, say New York, for instance, "Six days shalt thou labor," we should probably find one hundred thousand or more men who could find no one to hire them, no place open to labor, to whom the command is a mere tantalizing phrase, who would be jailed if they should undertake to obey it. That labor is held in contempt by the leisure class, that its avoidance is one of the hopes of many parents and children, that it is loathed by those who do the most of it, is due to the fact that most of those who labor are deprived of the advantages of the civilization they live in and have nothing else but labor. When you look at Rawlinson's pictures of the men who built the Pyramids of Egypt, a thousand men tugging at ropes, pulling the big stones with attendants at their side to supply them with rice at meal time, all of them eating and sleeping in their tracks, we get an intimation of why labor is unpopular. It is not actual slaves alone that do their labor in this way. Most labor has always been done in this way, is done so now,—it is mere bald, monotonous, hopeless drudgery. The cathedrals of the middle ages, the great public buildings of our own time, the palaces and fine houses, all have been built mostly by drudging, uninterested labor. Labor is the slave's necessity, the free man's joy. A man is not free until he has choice of work and gets the full product of his labor. Whatever may be the method by which the leisure class commands the labor of others, it is a special privilege enforced by power. We know under what conditions and for what pay men and women work in the sweatshops, we know how women and children work in the cotton mills and in the department stores, we know how many unemployed there are, especially when it becomes necessary to curtail production. The commandment to labor six days contemplates nothing of this sort. Labor being the first and foremost essential of all lives, it should have the first and foremost attention to making it safe, attractive, efficient, and completely for the benefit of the laborer. We are shocked at the loss of life in the Iroquois Theater calamity and in the railroad wrecks. We know that the causes of these calamities are divided between indifference, carelessness and greed, but we also know that indifference, carelessness and greed cause the loss of many times more lives every year by unsanitary houses, insufficient clothing, food and shelter, bad milk and adulterated food. We can much better remedy these defects than the other, for they proceed by regular every-day methods. It is just as important and just as easy to require sanitary appliances in living rooms as safety appliances in theaters. The cry of "Man overboard!" will stir a whole ship's crew and company to heroic deeds. Why not the cry of one hundred thousand unemployed, five hundred thousand improperly housed, or one thousand or one in the community immediately about us? Why should a city which is built by labor and ought to be enjoyed by laborers be so unsanitary, so unsightly, and provide so unequally for those who live within its borders? Why not be a garden city with good houses, clean streets, trees and grass in the middle of the streets or at the sides, flowers in the yards, small parks everywhere, playgrounds and sand piles for children, kindergartens and manual training shops? Why not? Why not all people labor a part of their time so that they might all have open air exercise, so that labor might be intelligent and have feeling in it and art and heart in it?

Hamerton, in his "Intellectual Life," tells about two young correspondents. One was a highly educated English gentleman, who wrote that his life was a burden. He had no interests, nothing to do, and found no charm in life. The other was a cripple with a progressive disease that confined him to his bed. In that condition he learned to etch, to bite his own plates and do his own printing. He had to be carried in an invalid chair in going from one place to another. He wrote Hamerton that "life was sweet." A young woman of my acquaintance, happily married, with no apparent privations, writes that she sees nothing in life but a passing show, with death to end it all. A prosperous business man of my acquaintance, well educated, surrounded by intellectual friends and a highly intellectual family, resented my wish that he might live fifty years more. I said, "Well, call it twenty-five." He said, "No, not even five. I am tired of it right now." Tolstoy writes that he found peace and the solution of life only when he took the Mujik, the Russian peasants, as his exemplar of life. Only in a life of labor and simple living did he find a solution to life's enigma. I met a business friend some time ago, who was retired, with no cares on his hands. I asked him how it went. He answered, "No good; I am totally lost. There is nothing in leisure." He ventured to guess that 75 per cent. of well-to-do business or professional men were entirely dissatisfied or disgusted. One of Pasteur's chief aids and successors writes a whole book about the disharmony of organisms, especially the human. Nordau wrote "Degeneration" to show that all the intellectual and social refinements were evidences of insanity and degeneracy. That these instances are fairly typical of intellectual and high society there is good reason to believe. Epictetus, with the burden of slavery and subsequently of poverty, found "life in conformity with nature" highly interesting and valuable. Is not the lesson taught us by reason, by philosophy and by experience, that the common life, in which physical labor is an essential part, simple in wants and ways, is the cure for despondency and degeneration?

N. O. Nelson.

Le Claire, Ill.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Iroquois Theater Tragedy.

January 14, 1904.

DEAR UNITY: I read with great interest and satisfaction your remarks in UNITY on the Iroquois Theater tragedy. You have done an important service in laying the responsibility at the door of the community as the chief culprit. The church has been so devoted to its gospel that it has ignored the law, without which that gospel is a nerveless thing—mere soothing syrup. We are suffering from lawlessness the country through. Men are sworn into executive office and then proceed to choose what laws they will enforce and what not. Citizens know that this or that law is set at naught, but wink at it. Bundles of money are displayed at the polls, while placards denouncing legal penalties for bribery are posted hard by. Building ordinances are not more flagrantly disregarded than others, but the natural catastrophe simply singles them out for a warning example of the great social disease.

There is no better thing that the church and the pulpit can do today than to rouse the civic conscience and to curb the lawless spirit of the time. "Sin is lawlessness." That old word of St. John is scientifically true. JAMES M. WHITON.

Sectional Courtesy.

EDITOR UNITY:

Some years ago I stood on the platform of McVicker's Theater on Sunday afternoon. Our dear brother, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, introduced me to the assembly on the stage as a brother from ———. As I belonged to the orthodox clan and the assembly was a gathering of somewhat different character, I proceeded to explain that I did not belong to the liberal class but was merely a visitor on the occasion. The chairman placed his arm affectionately around me and remarked: "You have to go a long way, brother, before you get out of my fraternity."

The sweetness and the breadth of spirit of the remark is characteristic of the pages of UNITY and make it very agreeable reading for the liberal spirits within the "orthodox" pale.

I was somewhat surprised, therefore, when I perceived some months ago an article in the columns of UNITY protesting against allowing Virginia to place in the National Capitol a statue of Robert E. Lee and signed by a number of the members of the Grand Army of the Republic. This article was of such a character that it was probably read from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada, and was plentifully interspersed with such words as "treason" and "traitor." It also contained the assertion that R. E. Lee had been false to his own personal convictions and had afterward "acknowledged" that he had "been in the wrong."

In the spirit of the utmost kindliness I would remark that the true basis of fraternal union in our common country is a mutual respect for each other's opinions and a kindly avoidance of every epithet or title that would mar the feeling of national brotherhood. As a personal acquaintance of R. E. Lee, allow me to state that if he thought he had been in error he certainly died without stating the fact. It is very well for the entire country to understand the position of the South in the matter. The South denies that she fought for slavery. The issue was distinctly a constitutional one, and while the South still asserts as strongly as ever her constitutional status on that occasion she now loyally and frankly believes that the "God of Battles" has decided the question in a way which commands the intelligent acceptance of all sensible people.

I herewith append the editorial remarks of the above mentioned article. They breathe a beautiful spirit so characteristic of the man:

* * * Having thus indicated our respect for the patriotism indicated in the above resolutions, and our sympathy with the old soldiers in whose hearts still burns the fire of loyalty which blazed into such heroic glory in 1861-65, we must add that we do not share their apprehension that the records of the war will be blurred or the judgments of posterity confused should Virginia be allowed to place the image of Robert E. Lee in statuary hall. Magnanimity is the highest characteristic of the true soldier. Forgiveness is not forgetfulness, and a recognition of valor is never to be confused with an approval of the cause in the interest of which the valor was displayed. Should the youths of America find Lee among the patriots, it would be interpreted as a tardy recognition of the morality of the Sermon on the Mount; it would be a belated indication that the great idealist of Nazareth did not outreach the possibilities of human nature. * * * Such a statue in such a place would be an assurance that the poet's dream is to come true; that the time is surely coming when war drums will beat no longer and battle flags will be furled.

I also append an abstract of a speech made by myself within the last two months to an audience largely composed of citizens and members of the faculty and students of the University of Indiana.

"Men think and feel and battle on different plains of life. As we rise higher and higher out of the smoke of battle and the mist of passion we look down dispassionately and calmly on all sides of the "world's great altar stair which leads through darkness up to God."

From such an altitude how differently do we view men and motives—the world's greatest battlefields and the standards that gleam through their mist and smoke. When Lincoln penned those immortal lines delivered on the battlefield of Gettysburg, apotheosizing the unstinted sacrifice and devotion of the gallant men who sealed with their heart's blood the compact that this government "of the people, by the people and for the people should not perish from the earth," those who listened on that day could little imagine that through the grand spirit of national fraternity the time would come when the glory of that immortal sentiment of the martyred President would shed its light not only on the gallant defenders but also on the heroic line of battle which went down like wheat under their scythe of fire.

From our fraternal elevation we can calmly pluck aside the earthly mantle that veiled the soul life, we can look into the hearts of this great American people under both standards and, placing human errors and mistakes deliberately aside, we can see that in the very bottom of their hearts they were chanting the same grand battle hymn of freedom. Under the light of fraternity it looks as if God had placed on earth an altar and called to the heroes of our people to come up and offer their treasures of greatest price, leaving to him, the God of Battles, the choice of selection and decision.

It is only as our people, uplifted by the spirit of fraternity, realize the supreme truth which I have just stated, that as a band of brothers in a great common family we can sing with heart as well as voice our nation's hymn:

"Our country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee we sing.
Land where our fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring."

I will add one thought to complete the above quotation. The only man on earth who is or ever was "a traitor" is the man who is or was false to what he conceived to be the standard of duty! Let no man living venture to associate the name of "treason" with any man North or South, who fought, bled and died *for a cause which he honestly believed to be right!*

And as a Virginian allow me to state that if Virginia cannot place on her pedestal the figure of the man who shares with that other illustrious son, Washington, an equal place in her heart and mind, I hope and believe that she will inscribe the word "protest" upon an unoccupied base and leave it bare forever! One other thought: This Union will never be complete until the brave, the good and the great in every quarter of our common country, recognizing the true quality of the soul of Robert Edward Lee, shall hail that statue with acclaim. SOUTHERNER.

Box 62 Indianapolis.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

A very curious book is that by E. S. Buckner, M. D., entitled "The Immortality of Animals." It is published by Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., of Philadelphia. The book is intended to do a good deal in the way of modifying the ill treatment which animals suffer at the hands of man. It certainly is the strongest argument in favor of animal immortality that I have ever seen; it is, however, a much better argument in favor of kindly treatment of all forms of life. Its quotations of Scripture are based upon a strictly orthodox conception of those books which we call the Bible. A sample passage may be taken frm the Preface: "Man and the lower animals are not immortal from choice, but because the Creator has decreed it; and what God has created, he alone can annihilate." It would be very difficult to argue with a man who muddles assertiveness and logic after this manner.

I want every reader of UNITY to get hold of a little volume published by the Baker & Taylor Co., of New York, and written by Dr. Josiah Strong. I have had occasion to refer to Dr. Strong's work before. There are two good things about it—in the first place he can write short books, and in the second place he can pack them full of interesting material. I do not quite agree with a good deal that he says in this book; but there is "a heap of meaning in it." His idea of the supreme need of the world is a consciousness of a real God. He thinks we have great difficulty along this line, because our civilization is materialistic, because our habit of mind is scientific, and because our grasp of universal law has shut out our vision of a Personal Will. He has an idea that the next great awakening will be one of a social sort—involving a new law of service—that is, of a society based upon the Golden Rule. This is an excellent work for boys to read who are just going into business life.

"Place and Power," published by Appleton & Co., has one or two of the most important social lessons of modern times worked out and emphasized. The author makes one of the English statesmen sum up statecraft as follows: "Statecraft is not the art of giving constituents what is pleasant to them, but of teaching them what is right—and helping them to do it, too. The British public is not a spoiled child, coaxed to learn its lessons by a kindergarten system; but is a great nation, at heart loving righteousness and hating iniquity—and it is always crying out for a man to lead it into the truth, and not for a nursemaid to pamper it into obedience. My firm belief is that the statesman who sets aside all trickeries and blandishments, and appeals straight to the heart of a great and God fearing people, neither cringing to consequences, nor pandering to prejudices, will never appeal in vain. The place-hunter, the party-politicians, may win for the time being, but not permanently. The fundamental force of national character is neither the cult of the jumping cat, or of the golden calf—whatever cheap cynicism may choose to say. The public man who chooses the ideally right, rather than the popular, must be prepared for misunderstanding and misrepresentation. Nevertheless, his life will not be wasted. He will have served as a sign post upon that upward path which the nation sooner or later is bound to tread." This is the sort of statesmanship that we must teach our children, and this is the sort of success which must be held up before them at all times.

From Funk & Wagnall's there comes a book entitled "Builders of the Beautiful," by H. L. Pimer. At first I supposed this book to be one more of those shallow affairs that deal with psychological functions. But I have read enough to satisfy me that the book has very deep inherent worth. The following extract will give some idea of the book: "The soul of man is the master builder. The problem in anatomical geometry is this: Given certain bones, muscles, nerves, fibers and tissues, all moved upon by spirit: To construct the grandest and noblest symbol of the inner life. What are the methods of accomplishing this? They are as deep as the mysteries of God, and yet all we need to know is so simple that a child may understand how to fashion his countenance into the divine likeness. There are twelve pairs of nerves running from the brain into the head and face, and thirty-one pairs from the spinal cord into the body. These nerves with all their countless ramifications are acted upon by human intelligence." The import of the book is that our visible appearance is only the outward expression of inner life. I think so much of the book that I shall request each member of my family to carefully read it—which is the strongest endorsement that I can give it.

From Albert Brandt, publisher, Trenton, N. J., I have received another book of unusual value. It is "How England Averted a Revolution of Force," by B. O. Flower, editor of *The Arena*. The title is extravagantly misleading. In fact, the book, although historical, is one blaze of illumination on our present history. Mr. Flower says, and he says very justly, that "We are brought face to face with the melancholy spectacle of our Republic, once the glorious representative of free government—falling behind monarchies and other foreign States in the march of progress. Switzerland has successfully introduced the Referendum, the Initiative, the imperative mandate, but we are at the mercy of legislative bodies that pass Ripper Bills; while England has enjoyed a salutary income and inheritance tax, we see our taxes laid over from enormous incomes upon the bread and clothing of the poor; while France and Belgium and nearly all Europe have Postal Savings Banks in successful operation, our common people are compelled either to waste their earnings, or invest at considerable risk; while government ownership of telegraph and railways, with popular Parcels Delivery, and other similar reforms, are adopted in Europe as well as Australia, our Republic has halted before all such measures. The author thinks that we have reached a stage in our history which is absolutely critical. The people must rise and put under their feet those selfish political organizers who are sacrificing the public interests to private advantage. He gives us a magnificent chapter of English history to show how victory can come to reformers—when they are persistent, united and honest. "The story of the Anti-Corn Law crusade and of its victorious outcome, points the way for peaceable and progressive measures that shall insure a larger mead of justice and of prosperity for all the people than has yet been known in history." The book is sane, stimulating for political

righteousness, and ought to have the widest possible circulation.

I referred in my notes some time ago to "Gorgo"—a romance of old Athens, by Chas. Kelsey Gaines, Professor of Greek in St. Lawrence University, and published by the Lothrop Company of Boston. A thorough reading of this book delights me. It is a reproduction of the Greek spirit and life with many of its charms and its beauty. I find in it some of the most delightful word pictures that I know of in the English language. Its philosophy is keen, its descriptive power is incisive and clear, its historic value is of the highest order. If the study of Greek could give us one book like this each ten years, we should not be puzzled any longer with the problem whether the study of Greek should be tolerated in our college curriculum.

Any one who has the least interest in New York City cannot afford to neglect a new volume from G. P. Putnam's Sons, entitled "Literary New York." The book is a model of get-up in every sense of the word. Here we have the story of Irving, Cooper, Halleck, Paulding, Thomas, Paine, Poe, all the older Knickerbocker sets and cliques, who originated and developed the earlier forms of American literature. Then we have a picture of half a century ago, when these cultivators of literature were passing out, and schools of scientists were taking their place. Then what a fascinating grouping we get where J. G. Holland appears, with W. D. Howells, Wm. Winter, Brander Matthews and Richard Grant White. The closing chapter is on some writers of today. We run about with the author, to call on the writers of "Eben Holden," "Chimmie Fadden," "How the Other Half Lives," "Along the Shore," "A Woman of Honor," "The Land of the Midnight Sun," "A Mild Barbarian," "The Red Badge of Courage." Then we will look in on Dr. Josiah Strong, where he is still at work; Hamilton W. Mabie in the editorial rooms of the *Outlook;* Captain A. T. Mahan, and Kate Douglas Wiggin. There are many more of these attractive homes, whose doors are thrown open to us just for a glimpse at the life that goes on within. The book is not scholarly, but chatty, and fascinating for its familiarity. The illustrations are everywhere, and are complete. These alone constitute a history of New York City. Here is the Battery in 1830; the old theaters, and churches, and taverns, and inns. To me the most interesting chapter is that which is devoted to "The Poet of the Revolution, Philip Freneau." "The City That Irving Knew" is a perfect picture; and "In the Days of Thomas Paine" is a chapter that I venture to say you will enjoy. On the whole, for a gift book nothing could be better than this for any child of New York City—or, for that matter, grandchild. It is the work of Chas. Hemstreet.

From A. S. Barnes & Co. I am in receipt of "Tennessee Todd," a novel of the southwest. It is a thoroughly good story, characteristic of the section. But what I like it for still more is that it illustrates the progress of American life—the rise of a struggle between steamboats and railroads. It is a good wholesome book to be read just now, when political contractors are manipulating our legislatures, to compel the digging of endless canals to rival railroads. The fact is we have passed by the canal boat era and we shall soon get by the era of the steam engine. We are entering a new era, with a new power, electricity; with new thoughts, new energies, new hopes, and a loftier humanity and religion. We shall never go back to the old ways. We shall not go to church again in ox teams; we shall not travel by packets on canals; we shall for a time be satisfied with trollies and rural telephones—but even these will have to give way in due time to something wiser and better. God put our eyes in our forehead. Legislatures are all the time trying to put them into our backheads. Read the book, "Tennessee Todd." It is the work of G. W. Ogden.

"The Way to the West," with the lives of three early Americans, Boone, Crockett and Carson, is the work of Wilson Hough, and published by Bobbs-Merrill Co., of Indianapolis. Here is another first-class holiday gift book. It puts in delightful shape the history of the evolution of the west. It is told in such a way as to be very readable, and yet so far as I have been able to examine it, it gives us real history. I do not hold anything to be real history which does not get under the real facts, and comprehend their bearing. On page 411 you will find some conclusions drawn from the new sort of immigration, that is pouring one million annually into the United States—with all the privileges of citizenship, to be exercised by them almost as soon as they land. Have we made a fetish of the suffrage? The closing chapter of this book is helpful—very helpful—in answering this, among other new problems. One thing is clear, that we cannot throw the control of our social affairs, our educational affairs, our religious affairs, our political affairs into the hands of a vast mass of uneducated and very low-down immigrants, who are handled by a low breed of professional politicians. We have got to answer one more question, and that is why the south is just now advancing more rapidly than the north. We have no more "open west" into which we can pour the hordes. What are we going to do with them; and what are they going to do with us?

"A Touch of the Sun, and Other Stories," by Mary Hallock Foote, is sent us by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. I am in doubt if there be a better short story in the literature of America than "The Harshaw Bride." All the stories in this book are prime, and fully up to Mrs. Foote's best. If you are looking for a set of books to give to your daughter, or boy either, you won't find anything cleaner, more wholesome, more inspiring, than the books of this author. They are published and sent out in a box very neatly. Among the best of them is "The Chosen Valley," "John Bodywin's Testimony," "The Cup of Trembling and Other Stories," and "The Prodigal." I can sit down to a couple of hours of rest with these books, and rise up refreshed. The one word that best expresses their characteristics is wholesomeness.

In my notice of Prof. Stimson's "Gate Beautiful" I neglected to give the publisher's name, Albert Brandt, of Trenton, N. J. I do not regret the omission, since it gives me another opportunity of calling attention to this epochal work. It is a study in every sense of the word. The end of it all is to make sacred the whole of human life, and all of human work. To read it compels the inquiry if, after all, we have yet got out of the savage period of human evolution. There is a paper covered edition of this book for the use of students, in colleges and elsewhere. I wish it were possible to have such a magnificent production in a cheap form, without cheapening and destroying its beauty—but the price of the paper-covered edition is by mail $3.75—as cheap as it ought to be. The cloth edition costs by mail $7.90. The book contains a whole library and would be cheap at twice the cost.

E. P. Powell.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

THE IROQUOIS THEATER DISASTER—SYMPATHY FROM ABROAD.—Among letters of inquiry and sympathy in regard to Chicago's great calamity sent by foreign friends, the following from the Director of the Royal Zoological and Anthropological-Ethnographical Museum in Dresden is so plainly intended for the public-at-large that no apology is needed for printing it:

DRESDEN, 2 January, 1904.

Dear Friend:

I am moved to express to Chicagoans, through you, my deeply felt sympathy! This misfortune, great as it is, will eventually redound to the welfare, not of Chicagoans alone, but of the people of the whole United States, by contributing to the better protecting of individuals than has hitherto been the case. In this direction there is still much more to be done in the New World than in the Old.

Let no one think, however, that in Europe general public safety is perhaps sufficiently provided for. Even in 1901, when my wife and I were last in Great Britain and France, we saw how reckless they are there. In Edinburgh, for instance, we were in a theater where a Shakespearian play was finely presented, but a theater from which, in case of fire, not *one* person would have come out alive; and Parisian theaters are justly notorious in this respect. Even in Germany, so often boasted of in the matter of personal safety, with its police oversight and guardianship carried into the smallest details, not all is as it should be. In Dresden, for example, there are two royal theaters in which a center aisle in the parquet is lacking, and where in the hour of danger many persons *must* inevitably perish. Our concert-halls too are in the highest degree dangerous. Only a few years ago, right here in Dresden, the great *Kreuzkirche* was so completely burned out in broad daylight that only the naked, roofless walls remained standing, because the steam-fire engines could not reach high enough, or were out of order, or some other great defect in the fire-system came to light, which was only corrected after the misfortune had occurred.

Therefore, much as the Chicago authorities concerned, collectively and individually, must necessarily reproach themselves, and inexcusable and criminal as it is that they have so outrageously neglected their duty, they nevertheless do not stand alone in this respect.

I hope that, with the energy which characterizes the Americans, this extraordinary misfortune will so shake things up, that new provisions will be worked out and then strictly carried through, which shall surpass in excellence those of all other countries.

Then, in spite of all, the year 1903 will redound to the general blessing, though the hearts of Chicagoans must still suffer long under the sore pressure of this event.

Yours in heartfelt sympathy,

A. B. MEYER.

Dr. Meyer has never ceased to take a keen interest in the weal or woe of Chicago since his visit here in 1899. In the scholarly and scientific institutions of the city are not a few men and women to whom this letter will recall his sympathetic personality. M. E. H.

Motor Cycle Pleasures.

Joseph Pennell has traveled, first with his cycle and later with an automobile, from the north of Scotland to the south of Italy, from the west of Ireland to the east of Russia, from Maine to Louisiana; and has found his experiences often pleasant, always eventful. One of his trips, through the Alps from Paris, on a motor-bicycle, he has taken as the subject of an article and sketches for the February Century. The account of his adventures is likely to stir other enthusiasts to attempt similar "conquests." He has much to say of the advantages of the motor-cycle.

How Jack London Works.

Jack London's new novel, "The Sea-Wolf," which began with the new year in *The Century*, intensifies interest in this remarkable young writer. Mr. London is authority for the statement that he does his work the first thing in the morning, right after breakfast, averaging a thousand words a day, five days in the week. When pushed, he has written over a thousand words daily for many weeks at a stretch; and has occasionally accomplished two thousand words every day for two weeks. He writes slowly, making few changes in his first draft. At the end of each day he typewrites what he has written, and this is the completed manuscript.

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